Clara Heath

The Chatterbox

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The Chatterbox.

VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1907. No. 2.

Literary Department.

Junior Class Song

R. H. L., '09.

Did you ever see a class so fine and dandy,
Who is leader over all the ground she goes?
Did you ever see a class who's all the candy
Where ere she goes?
That's the very sort of class I love—the Juniors—
They're the finest that have ere been in the ring,
And the joy of all my days
Is just to revel in their praises,
When to them I sing.

CHORUS—

Juniors! oh, oh, oh, Juniors!
For you I'm pining,
When we're apart;
Juniors, when you I'm viewing,
There's something doing
Around my heart;
Tell me, oh, oh, oh, tell me,
Why every lad loves every lass—
And then I'll tell you why
I love '09—my Junior Class.

Nearly everybody loves the jolly Juniors;
E'en the Seniors look upon us and admire—
There can be no class above the jolly Juniors,
(Our hearts' desire).
Then admit we are the finest in the country,
As we walk around with such retiring grace;
May we always live in peace,
And may our pleasures never cease
While we keep our pace.

Thanksgiving Day.

"I love Naught nine,—
My Junior Class!"

Although the inmates of the college may have felt, at first, a slight reluctance upon being roused from their Thanksgiving slumbers at the unseemly hour of five forty-five, yet the alarm clock of the day was such a joyous, rollicking body, that the aforesaid inmates could but enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion, as the Junior song and Junior yell rang through the halls, announcing the dawn of a day in which to be thankful, and, more especially, the dawn of a day which belonged—every minute of it—to the class of nineteen nine.

At the appointed hour, the Juniors, distinguished by the new class hats, proudly escorted the student body to the Thanksgiving service, and they may be forgiven if, as they sat in the atmosphere of gratitude, their thoughts were divided—somewhat unevenly—between the development of the text and festivities to be.

Junior Day was again proclaimed, in the dining-room, by the festoons of purple and gold, by the heaps of purple grapes and golden oranges, bespeaking harvest plenty and 1909, and by the class of 1909 itself, seated *en masse* and wearing miniature pennants in class colors.

The Class President, Miss Bessie Boone, serving as toastmistress, after a much-applauded speech of introduction, called upon Miss Blanche Holt, who gave the following

Toast to Freshman.

Sometimes pleasant tasks cast over us such a spell that we are unable to analyze our feelings. Strange as it may seem even this task has given me an unusual feeling—I guess you'd call it pleasure.

Most honored members of our sister class, we have all been looking forward with happy hearts to this, the day of "Abounding Plenty." Now that it has come, and while we cherish its memory, may we, in the beginning, not forget the source from which our benefit is derived—our two national fowls—the American Eagle and the Thanksgiving Turkey. "May the one give us peace for all our States, and the other a piece for all our plates." May the one always soar high above in the heavens, and the other roost low on the cedar-tree limbs.

And now, dear sisters, as you have comforted us in our sorrows, we will not forget you in our festivities, but give you a hearty welcome in partaking of these good things on this joyous occasion. We are sure that the memory of this pleasant day will ever be a joy to sweeten the bitter experience of our lives, and we hope that you will not soon forget it. When we, the Juniors, have passed from your presence and have wended our way out into the unknown future, we hope that all the glory of Sophomore, Junior and Senior life may come to you. We wish for you all the rich joy that can fill your lives, and we shall ever remember the untold happiness you have given us by your loyal friendship.

Now, with hearts full of joy and gratitude for each one of you, we drink to the health of our sister class—the Freshmen.

Between the courses of the dinner the jolly feasters paused to hear the unfolding of the future as vividly presented by Miss Elizabeth Harriss in the

Junior Class Prophecy.

One afternoon after I had finished school, I was lazily swinging in a hammock, my head was almost bursting open with headache, for I had had an awful day with my pupils; and as I was wishing myself dead or some such thing, I exclaimed out aloud:

"I wish I could sleep for fifteen years and then, perhaps, I would not be so cross and tired."

I had scarcely finished speaking when a little old man, clothed in a most gorgeous costume, came hobbling up to me, and said in a most melodious accent:

"My good woman, if that wish is from the heart, I can cast you under that spell; you have but to drink of this potion and immediately you will be conveyed to that wonderful land of dreamland. But think twice before you drink it; think; you will be utterly dead to this world for fifteen years; you will be invisible to your friends for the same length of time (as this potion causes you to become invisible as well as unconscious)—think!"

"Anything, anything," I cried, eagerly seizing the flask and swallowing the contents. Immediately my troubles were over and I was sweetly resting.

As the old man said, I slept for fifteen years. When I awoke, I was in a strange place. Everything had changed. I was still in the hammock, but not at my home. I was surrounded by woods; through the distance I could see the spires of many churches. I hastened to go to the city; it was a town no longer. Upon inquiry, I learned that my father, thinking me to be dead, had moved, whither no one knew. I was almost crazed with grief. In vain I called on the old man to come and bring me from this dream, in vain I sought for friends; the older people were dead, the younger ones did not know me. I determined to seek my parents, so I hastened my departure.

First, I went to Baltimore. I decided to see the sights as well as search for my family, so I went into the Woman's College. As I wandered from one room to another, seeing the great things that were being carried on under this roof, thinking of my own insignificance, wishing I could see one familiar face in that vast throng of girls and women, I was suddenly

confronted by a most wise-looking lady, her hair awry, who exclaimed in a very familiar voice:

"Elizabeth Harris, of all people! Where in the world did you spring from?"

She gave me a good shaking and turned me loose. In vain I racked my brain for a face to go with that voice. At last Ethel Cullens flashed into my mind.

"Ethel Cullens, what are you doing here?"

"Why, what do you suppose? I am at the head of the science department."

My astonishment had no limit; then, suddenly remembering her scientific explanations while at Littleton at school, my surprise was no more.

I spent several hours of very pleasant conversation with Ethel. Through her I learned of a number of my classmates. I was very sorry indeed to learn that Julia Railey is a confirmed old maid, Raymond having been accidentally killed while playing football. Since then she has confined herself to a life of solitude and loneliness. I suppose she finds some consolation in her pets, the pug dog, the parrot, and the cat.

I also learned that Sue Sanford has become the champion basket-ball player of the world. She has conquered every team in this world and is grieving because no other can be found. I later learned she is planning a trip to the moon in search for other teams. I wish her much success.

I was very grateful to know that Bessie Boone has made a specialty of Math. and is teaching in the same school with Ethel; Geometry, as usual, being her favorite class.

I had no tidings from my loved ones, so I tarried no longer. I came back to North Carolina, my native State. Having arrived at Gibson, I went out walking. Having never been there before, everything was new. I found myself in a beautiful lane, just the place for an automobile ride, I thought. I kept walking and walking; it seemed the lane would never

end. I must have walked three miles before I came to a clearing. At last a beautiful lawn came in sight; on this lawn was a lovely house, all gables and porches, it seemed. I hastened up the driveway and came to a flower-garden. In the garden were a small lady and a small boy. Being very thirsty, I asked for a drink of water. The lady turned to the boy:

"Francis, dear, run get the lady some water and a glass of milk."

"Your flowers are very beautiful," I ventured to say.

"Yes"; but she got no further before I had her in my arms.

"Lizzie Wright, I was never more surprised in my life! Child, how glad I am to see you."

"Lizzie Wright no longer, she said softly, "instead I am Mrs. Francis Gibson."

I spent the remainder of that day with her and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Gibson.

The next move I made was up in the northeastern part of the State. Here I spent several days with Florrie Ferguson, who had, contrary to her friends' expectations, in opposition to her parents' wishes, married Dr. Spurgeon Railey. They have a very neat little farm. Sweet potatoes and molasses constituted a very favorite dish while I was there. I was glad to see that Florrie has not forgotten our dear old college days. Dr. Railey is destined to become a famous physician. Florrie told me of a number of my classmates

Virginia Dare Pitman is a missionary to India. With her soft step and gentle smile she has won many hearts to God.

Mollie Stephenson has at last reached the height of her ambition. She is teaching in a Bible training school, preparing girls and boys for the mission fields.

I was extremely sorry to learn that Carson Farrar, our beautiful Carson, has chosen for her lifework the difficult feat of two-stepping on the backs of racing horses. She is

traveling with a Wild West show, and 'tis said that it is not an unusual sight to see her, with her golden tresses crowned with a huge sombrero, jauntily stepping from one prancing horse to another.

Still no news of my parents, so I hastened to Colorado, having once heard my parents express a wish to live there. As I went up the crowded thoroughfare of one of the main streets of Denver, I saw an unusually large crowd collected on one of the street corners. I went over to see the cause, and lo and behold! I found Mary Lowder and Mary Swindell perched upon goods-boxes, yelling themselves hoarse in their effort to sell some liquid of their own concoction. I listened with all my ears to catch what they were saying; it sounded somewhat like this:

"This wonderful medicine will make you grow tall in a single night! We used to be smaller than any of you; then we discovered this wonderful liquid and began using it. Now behold the two Marys, taller than any one!"

My heart melted with pity as I beheld them, hair a matted mass, clothes awry, in their frantic endeavors to accommodate the people, for it seemed as if every one was trying to buy the stuff. I left them as I found them, as I could not get within speaking distance of them.

While I was resting in my room I picked up a paper, and saw the name, Maude Satterthwaite written in startling headlines. What familiar associations that name brought back! Wishing to appease my curiosity as to why that name was there, I read the paragraph through and found that Maude, always an ardent admirer of "Tennyson's Princess Ida," has endeavored to follow in her footsteps and has established a school for girls, high up on the Rockies, far from the haunts of any man, and no male being dares to cross her path.

Next I went to Germany. There in a little college on a Hill, the Rhine always flowing near, I found my old chum,

Anabel Farabow. I spent several weeks with her. She had kept in touch with all the girls of our class and told me of a number of them.

I was very much grieved to learn that Bessie Harris, our bonnie Bessie, is confined in the asylum at Morganton, a raving lunatic. They say it is heartrending to hear her cry for "Sidney, my beautiful Sidney," she having gone crazy over the love of a certain Miss Kinsey.

I was not surprised to learn that Edythe Browning is teaching at Littleton High School, training boys according to her ideal of manhood.

Susie Finch is married and living, not at Weldon as she had expected, but at Littleton, in the country, and having birthday parties every other day.

Alma Williams has married a Baptist preacher and is enjoying life immensely.

Lillian Rogers is keeping an establishment for old maids and lame cats.

Pearl Jones, after a brief, unhappy life, was translated and has been reincarnated into a perfect Emma McCullen.

Kate Phillips, always so sympathetic for suffering humanity, has become a trained nurse in one of the hospitals of Chicago.

Flossie Steele, always so opposed to the negro question, has gone down in South Africa to teach the little pickaninnies how to read—also how to arrange their hair most becomingly, notwithstanding its tendency to kink.

At last my visit came to an end and I started on my homeward journey. I came back to Littleton and found that Margaret Lamb has become nursery governess for Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs. Sessoms, the children affectionately calling her "Sissy."

While I was at Littleton I was introduced to the new English teacher at the college, and found her to be one of my

classmates, Sallie Jordan. She had followed in Miss Lanham's footsteps, graduated at Randolph-Macon and had come back to Littleton to teach.

I was very much pleased to hear that Emma Wilcox has married a multi-billionaire and has donated twenty million of dollars to Littleton Female College besides keeping up three orphan asylums. I always knew that Emma, with her unselfishness, would do something grand and noble.

Wishing to purchase a new hat while I was at Littleton, I went shopping. A brand new millinery establishment has been erected since I was there at school, so I made my purchase at this shop. I was met by a smiling affable clerk, who showed me the way up stairs. I asked to see the proprietress and imagine my surprise when I found her to be one and the same with Emma Taylor.

While I was at Littleton I had the pleasure of meeting another of my classmates, Hope Thompson. She, too, is married. We always looked upon Hope as destined to be an old maid, but it seems as if she tried the burdens of life alone long enough, and the very first leap year that came she took upon herself a better half and is living happily as Mrs. Ed. Harris, of Macon, N. C.

No news of my parents so I decided to go over to Japan. I went first by Raleigh. There is a convent near there, so having never been in one, I determined to spend a few days there. It was the hour of rest, when I arrived, so I had the convent to myself for almost an hour. As I wandered up the dismal looking hall, I thanked my stars I did not have to stay there. Just then the bell pealed forth in all its cracked bitterness and the sad-eyed, sad-faced nuns came from their places of rest to go to the confessions. I followed at a safe distance. I saw them kneel before the father confessor, tell their sins, count their beads, then rise silently and go to their various tasks.

As they filed past, the Head Abbess, who stood near me, pointed to one more sad-eyed, more forlorn looking than the rest and said:

"That one, Sister Maynard, is one of our best sisters; she has never given us a bit of trouble since she came here."

"Not Kate Maynard," I cried, "please say it isn't Kate Maynard!"

"Yes, it is Sister Katherine Maynard; she is better off here, than in the sins of ths world. Leave her in peace."

"May I speak to her?"

"No, it is contrary to our custom. You might make her dissatisfied."

"Tell me, why she is here."

"You know when she was at school, she had many lovers. After she left she had as many more. As she could never decide which she loved best, or which one she should marry, in desperation she came to us and has become one of our best sisters. She teaches the Higher English and no one could do it better."

I saw Kate several times and I would never have recognized her, with her hair laid smoothly back, her broad white forehead creased with lines of care, her eyes so sad and solemn. I could see no trace of our jolly, winsome Kate.

I left the convent to go on my way to Japan. I passed through Jamestown. As I came to the old church I heard strains of sweetest music and a clear, soft voice chanting a majestic anthem. I held my breath to listen; it filled my soul with longings for higher things. The voice kept on, now clear and distinct, now soft and low, then ceased. In wonder I asked who it was and my companions exclaimed in astonishment:

"It is possible you haven't heard of the celebrated singer, Ruth Howard Lanham? Why she has taken the world by storm!"

My heart rejoiced to know that Ruth has at last reached the height of her ambition.

After a beautiful voyage I reached Japan. First I went to Kobe, to visit Palmore Institute. The institute has now a handsome building for the school. The home of the principal is a magnificent place. I went to the principal's home and was ushered into the reception room by a Japanese maid, to await the coming of the lady principal. I waited a few moments then I heard a step and turned to finde myself in the arms of Blanche Holt, my old room-mate! I was delighted to find her here as Mrs. Davidson, in charge of Palmore Institute.

I spent a whole month with Blanche and she told me she met my parents a short time before, on their way home from a tour around the world in search of me. I was sorry I caused so much trouble, but was glad to see so many of my schoolmates.

When, at last, the cracking of nuts was heard no more, and all were ready for the "next," Miss Sallie Jordan proposed this:

Toast to the Seniors.

Should you ask me whom I toast here
On this bright day of Thanksgiving
While around me faces merry
Smile, rejoice, and hearts are glad;
Should you ask me whose the praises,
Whose the fame I come to tell—
I should answer, I should tell you
That it is the noble Seniors.

If still further you should ask me
Of this class so great and wondrous,
I should answer your inquiries

Straightway in such words as these are—
In the halls of this dear College
Never a nobler class has wandered
Round about with their bright faces
Ever smiling, ever singing;
Full of hope, and full of gladness
With a helping hand ever ready.
To this class so great and noble
On this bright day of Thanksgiving
We do drink a toast most hearty.
May you, as in the beginning,
Ever rising, rising, rising
Reach the heights you most desire!

If a touch of sadness entered into the spirit of the Seniors as they were reminded of their coming departure from college walls and college days it was quickly dispelled by the rousing cheer and song of the Juniors as they rose from the table.

"We love Naught nine,—
Our Junior Class!"

An exciting hour in the afternoon was occupied by the basket-ball game between the Katchems, in red, and the Zu Zus, in blue. The game was won by the Katchems, who caught the Zu Zu's to the score of 6 to 2. There was much cheering for both red and blue, for there was merit on both sides, and the Katchems won creditably, having scored against good playing and a plucky team.

A pleasant and unexpected diversion for the girls occurred in the shape of unlimited permission to attend the wedding of one Tom Thumb, to be held that afternoon. A throng of very thankful students swelled the audience, and we trust that Tom, too, felt the gratitude becoming such a happy occasion.

But all festivities must have an end, and at seven-thirty the heartless, relentless study bell gave warning of a to-morrow to come,—"after the ball."

Back to the grind!

And was it all over? No, *indeed!* For at the hour when other pious souls were wending their way bedward, there gathered in the assembly hall a jolly crowd of revellers,—the Juniors, of course! To the unadmitted there came reports of continuous feasting, of cracking of nuts as well as jokes, of mirth and merriment generally, and, in particular, of a memorable toast by the dear "old maid sister."

And if they burned the midnight oil, who cared? This was their day, and does it not take twenty-four hours to make a day? As the weary, weary, but happy, happy Juniors at last tumbled gratefully into their little trundle beds, there echoed in the heart of each the joyous refrain:

"I love Naught nine,—
My Junior Class!"

The Nature of Poe's Genius.

'09.

There are a few of us, perhaps, who have studied American literature to whom the character of Edgar Allan Poe has not appealed as particularly picturesque and striking. His magnetic personalty and his great genius combined with his unhappy life draw one like a tragedy. Of those of us who are ardent Southerners this is especially likely to be true; for Poe was by adoption and inclination at least, if not by birth, intensely Southern. We claim him as our very own, and we are likely to resent any remark on the part of others that would detract from his greatness and from the honor due his genius. Genius he may well be called, for great—within the somewhat limited field of his choice—he undoubtedly is. It is a somewhat elastic term, this word genius; and various critics have differed in according it to various men. But to one man at least, so far as I know, all critics of American literature have agreed in awarding this term—to Edgar Allan Poe.

Let us note broadly in the outset, loving Poe as loyally as we may and honoring him for the great gift that was his own, that the genius of Poe yet has its limitations. It is a very natural thing, a very easy thing to be led by our personal estimate of an author to say and believe extravagant things about him; to say that because we love him, he is great. Such a tendency is misleading, and should be guarded against. It frequently leads us to the point furthest possible from what we should desire most—the truth. Let us have our enthusiasms and admirations and let us be whole-hearted in them, but let us not be blinded by them. The clear-seeing, unprejudiced critic, then, can not fail to see that there are

limitations to the scope and breadth of Poe's genius. In the sense in which some men are considered great, he was not and can not be great. Great in the sense in which Shakespeare is great, he is not—nor yet as Homer or Goethe, or Milton, or Tennyson, or Browning. The essential qualities in other words, that characterize the world-writer, do not belong to him. He lacks the sense of humor, the broad knowledge of human nature, the firm grasp on the eternal verities of life, the high conception of man's destiny, that go to make the supremely great writer. The true field of literature is the field of human nature—as Pope neatly expresses it, "the proper study of mankind is man"—and the greatest office of literature is to interpret human life. The highest mission of poetry is to sweeten, uplift, ennoble, elevate, inspire; and so far as poetry comes short of this, it fails to reach the highest standards. This is exactly what Poe failed to see, and by so much he failed to reach the highest mark. The mission of poetry is not to teach, he said; the essential requisites of poetry are beauty and music, and the purpose of poetry is solely art for art's sake. That is, poetry should exist solely for the sake of the beauty of it; not for the sake of the good it may do. So it was that he missed the highest conception of the spirit of literature, and these things it is that keep Poe from being supremely great.

And yet within his own sphere, even though it be a somewhat limited one, Poe reigns right royally. If his own theory of poetry had been correct, he would have been one of our greatest poets, for he worked out his theory very thoroughly. Believing that all poetry should be musical, he has left to us lines of haunting melody and sweetness; believing that beauty should be the animating purpose of poetry he has left us lines of rare grace and beauty; believing that the greatest beauty is that of the mournful, the gloomy, he has painted for us weird pictures that cling most persistently to the imaginative mind.

One of the most striking phases of Poe's genius is his vivid imagination. He can take the most common-place subjects and weave from them the most striking fancies. A man sitting alone by his study fire on a winter night, a thought of the past, a raven, a single word—and we have before us the working basis for Poe's masterpiece. A man addicted to the drink habit, an animal that loves him—and Poe is furnished with material for the tragedy of the "Black Cat"; the clang of a bell in the night and straightway there rises to the mind the picture of the flames

> "Leaping higher, higher, higher
> In a desperate desire
> And a resolute indeavor
> Now, now to sit or never
> By the side of the pale faced moon."

Again, Poe's nature turned continually not to the bright and beautiful in life and nature, but to the grim, the strange, the gloomy. If it had been a choice of a May morning or a December midnight for the time and setting of a poem, Poe would unhesitatingly, have chosen the latter. His stories deal with the most weird and fantastic of subjects—premature burials, hypnotic states and so on; and his poetry is in somewhat less measure, filled with the same element.

But in Poe we have no copyist. He is nothing if not original. Longfellow's poetry may please and may do permanent good; Whittier and Lowell may rank higher for other qualities, but they can not strike us with the same force of originality that Poe does. He, together with Hawthorne, stands at the very front rank of creative ability in American literature.

With Poe, recognition of genius has come slowly, but it will come none the less surely. Andrew Lang speaks of him, as almost "the only instance of an American prophet without honor save in his own country." The truth of the

matter is that Poe was fearless and dared to criticise somewhat too harshly his contemporaries. The inevitable result was the making of enemies, whose only available weapons were malice and slander. Accordingly Poe has been put down by his biographer as dying of dilirium tremens. This was untrue; he was drugged and died as the result. Unfortunate he was—most unfortunate; but criminal, never! Some one has said of him as a fitting memorial to him, "Great in his genius, unhappy in life, wretched in death, but in his fame he is immortal."

He Made Good.

S. M. J., '09.

"Thirty-three minutes past nine. Train due in just ten minutes."

"Oh! thank you. I was informed that the train had left some minutes since," replied a sweet girlish voice.

"And to think that here I am again. Five years ago, can it be? How well I remember the day. I was just fourteen and on my way to R— to spend some time with Ruth in that dear little town. What good times those were that summer. And Jack, dear old Jack, my playmate. I wonder if he has forgotten me. I have not seen him since that day in early September when I told him good-bye and left for the city. Can I ever forget his parting words, 'Good-bye, Nancy. Don't forget me. I'm going to make good.'

Oh! no, I have not forgotten Jack. Though only a child at that time all through these years—and oh, how much has happened!—the memory of Jack has ever been with me. I have met others, scores of them, but none of them have ever had the charm for me that the memory of Jack has ever held.

"I wonder if the report is true that I heard. I wonder if Jack did indeed finish at the University, carrying off the highest honors. Think of Jack a lawyer, and some say he will be the next judge. Can it be possible? Ah, well! 'twas only a rumor last year in town. I don't know the truth of it at all.

"Oh! I wonder if he has ever thought of Nancy, little Nancy with whom he used to play those bright summer days of long ago."

"All aboard!" sounded the voice of the porter.

The usual rush followed and when Nancy had time to think again she found herself speeding away to the town of R—

The car was crowded. There were principally men on. Everyone seemed to be very enthusiastically talking on one subject. Nancy recognized several noted lawyers of the day among the passengers. After awhile she gathered from their conversation that a very important case was to be tried in R—, the town to which she was going. The case was to begin the very next day.

"Who is attorney for the accused?" asked Mr. Jonson, a very able lawyer of Raleigh, N. C.

"Why I hear that it is a young lawyer of the town—a graduate of the University. He has just been admitted to the bar, a very fine speaker, also conscientious. I think his name is Jack Saunders."

"He will have need of all his powers from what I hear, for they tell me that Mr. Eason, the finest lawyer of Richmond, is his opponent."

What a thrill shot through Nancy's heart as she heard this conversation!

"R—! All off for R—!" called the porter.

Amid the bustle and confusion of the next few minutes, Nancy found herself in the arms of her friend Ruth.

"Oh, you darling old Nan! Is it possible that I see you again after this long, long time! How well you look, and how pretty you have grown! Why I should hardly have known you. We must hurry for Rob is afraid to keep the horses standing."

The two girls made their way to the carriage where Nancy spoke to Ruth's little brother, Rob.

Supper was over. Sitting before the fire in the parlor we see Nancy and Ruth. They seem to be absorbed in conversation.

"Now, Nancy, dear, tell me all about yourself. You know it has been such an age since I have heard anything from

you—only vague rumors of boarding school in winter and health resorts in summer."

"Ruth, there is really nothing to tell. You have summed it up. You remember five years ago when I spent the summer with you? In just two weeks after I reached home I left for Randolph-Macon College. The summer after my graduation mama was taken worse, and passed away. I can not describe to you the utter loneliness and heart-sickness after that. Alone! no one in the whole wide world to care for me. Since that time I have been boarding. As yet I have not seen very much of society. Then the other day came your letter and I was only too glad to accept your invitation. Now, you tell me what has been happening here."

"Well, I have great news for you! You remember Jack Saunders? Don't say that you don't. Child, he is a big lawyer now. Still single, 'heart whole and fancy free,' to all appearances, and as good looking as a man could well be. A big case is on and he is attorney for the accused. It begins to-morrow and we must hear it. That's the reason I wanted you to come down just at this time. Now say 'thank you,' wont you?"

The great case is on. The court room is crowded and eager. Among the crowd near the front sit Nancy and Ruth, eagerly awaiting the beginning of the trial.

The Judge comes in and takes his seat; next file in the lawyers.

Nancy recognizes Jack with a start. How tall he has grown! How noble he looks!

Mr. Saunders turns and faces the crowd. His eye meets Nancy's. He recognizes her. For a second it seems as if he would faint. In a moment he has recovered himself and is again cool and possessed—the man who meets every eye and whom all admire.

The air of the court room is filled with breathless eagerness. Every eye is strained toward the speaker. Excitement shows in every face, for the speaker is putting forth his best efforts. Never before in the town of R—, has such eloquence been heard. His words of truth ring forth clear and distinct, carrying conviction to all hearts. There can be no doubt as to the result.

"Not guilty!" rings out the verdict of the Judge.

Cheer after cheer arises. Jack Saunders, the principal figure of the scene, flushed with triumph, is receiving the congratulations of his friends. So numerous are they that the way seems blocked. Will that maddening, yelling crowd never pass on, thinks Nancy.

Jack is making a brave show, but the one whose congratulations he most longs to hear has not yet come. Eagerly his eye sweeps over the crowd. At last he sees Nancy and Ruth coming toward him. He hears as in a trance.

"Mr. Saunders, do you remember me?"

"Ah! do I remember? Why ask? It is for this, for this glad hour, that I have been spurred on. The memory of you has made me make good, as I told you. Words seem too shallow to express my feelings. Tell me, oh tell me that you did not forget!"

The answer of Nancy's eyes satisfied Jack.

Who Stole The Junior's Hat?

B. B. '09.

To-whit, to-whit, to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole the hat I bought?
The thief shall be sought!

Not I, said the Senior, no, no!
Such a thing I think you know
Below my dignity and mind;
And her look was anything but kind,
As she gave her head a scornful jerk,
And very coolly resumed her work.

Junior-link! Senior-link!
Now what do you think?
I'll stay in the closet to-day,
And see who took the hat away.

Not I, cried the Soph., Row-row!
I wouldn't be so mean anyhow;
I gave her room to put it away,
But didn't take the hat away;
Not I, pleads Sophie, with troubled face,
I left the hat right in its place.

Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo!
Let the faculty have a word or two;
Who stole that pretty hat,
Meant to grace a Junior's *rat?*

Not I, trembles Freshie, O, no!
I wouldn't treat a *Junior* so.
I admire and think it very fine,
But the hat was none of mine.
Don't think it me, I humbly pray,
I didn't take the hat away.

Pshaw! pshaw; fussees teacher,
I'd just like to reach her
Who took that hat away
From "66" to-day.

Cried the Preplets, cluck, cluck!
What very ill luck!
We haven't one who'd dare to go
And treat a stately Junior so.
We're really sorry, honest, true,
But don't see anything to do;
We've never dared to so intrude,
Nor to act so mean and rude;
And with a sympathizing wink,
They left the wiser ones to think.

Chir-a-whir, chir-a-whir!
The President'll make a great stir,
And find the thief's name,
And all cry, "For Shame!"

A Junior now upon the scene—
"Of course *we* wouldn't be so mean!"
Says she with tender, loving mien.

Business pupils they all knew
It was very cruel too.
Now the one who can thus steal,
Very much ashamed must feel.

But the loser hung her head,
When she'd look on Sophie's bed;
For there, all safe, the head-dress sate,
Which she had thought belonged to *Kate!*
But now poor child's so full of shame,
I shall not betray her name———!

Guinevere.

BLANCH HOLT, '09.

One bright, clear morning when the earth was "white with May," and when nature seemed to be doing all in her power to bring cheerfulness and happiness to every troubled soul, Queen Guinevere, the fairest and stateliest of her sex sat in her tower chatting merrily with her two maids.

Little did she think of the traitor, Sir Modred, who had climbed up in the tall oak trying in every way that he could to spy on her whom he had long wished to wrong. But, evidently some one thought of him, for, at a moment when the traitor though himself all alone and concealed amid the foliage of the tree, Lancelot caught him by the heel and cast him as a worm down in the dust.

When Sir Lancelot told this matter to the Queen, at first she laughed amusedly to think of Modred's dusty fall; then shuddered for she feared he would track her guilt and find her name to be evermore one of scorn. She could not rest; if she was awake she was haunted by the doleful noise of creaking doors. Or, if she slept she had awful dreams. At last she said, "O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine own land, for if thou tarry we shall meet again, and if we meet again, some evil one might, perchance, reveal the secret before the people and the King."

Lancelot promised to leave, but, because of his untiring love for the Queen, remained; and still they met again and again. At last when her fear was so great that she could stand it no longer, she said, "O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee hence." It was then that they agreed upon a night when the good King would not be there to meet and part forever. At last, at a convenient time, both rode together

to the divided way where they kissed and parted, weeping. He went back to his own land while she fled to a convent at Almesbury.

On arriving there she asked the nuns to receive her into the sanctuary and not to ask her name. They agreed. So it was there in that lonely nunnery that the stately Queen lived for many a week unknown to all except her little maid, who often tried to comfort her mistress by singing pretty songs. She told Guinevere about the land's being full of wonders and signs; about the supreme happiness that reigned throughout the court; about how the little elves made strange music on the seashore and the white mermaid swam from sea to sea, before the coming of the sinful Queen.

Guinevere listened to the innocent talk of the child until she could bear it no longer. Then quickly dismissing the little novice from her presence, she began to think of the May day when she rode with King Arthur "through groves that looked like a paradise" to the handsomely furnished court.

While she brooded thus, she heard the sound of footsteps coming through the long gallery. She buried her face in her "milk-white arms and shadowy hair," for she knew it was the familiar step of the King. Then the armed feet paused by her and all was silent. At last a gentle voice spoke in accents sweet and clear:

"Think not that I came to urge thy crimes;
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
Lo, I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives! do thou for thine own soul the rest.
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as woman never wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I can not touch thy lips, they are not mine,

But Lancelot's; nay, they never were the King's.
Yet I love thee still, and if thou wilt make peace with
Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a small soul,
Not Lancelot, nor another."

With these words he said, "farewell" and hurried away to that great battle in the West.

After he had mounted his horse he gave the sad nuns, who stood near, orders concerning the Queen—told them to guard and foster her forevermore. All this time Guinevere was sitting as the King left her, thinking of the good she might have accomplished had she lived the pure life that she knew it was her duty to have lived. Suddenly she arose and exclaimed:

"Oh, my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest;
It surely was my profit had I known;
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another."

Here she looked up and beheld the novice and the holy nuns all round her, weeping. Her heart melted within her. She too, wept. Amid her sobs she was heard to say: "He loves me still." She then asked the nuns not to shudder at her, but call her sister, let her dwell with them, wear black and white and be a real nun. They received her gladly, made her abbess and there she lived for three brief years, and there, an abbess, passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

Thanksgiving Game.

Vela Walker, Manager.

On Thanksgiving, the first match game of the season was played between the two basket-ball teams—"Katch'ems" and "Zu Zus." Both teams were well matched in strength and practice, but the "Katch'ems," owing to the extra inches of their goalsman, won the game, 6 to 2. There was admirable work done on both sides, and much interest aroused.

Though the "Zu Zus" were defeated, they did not feel it so keenly because the majority of their brothers—Central Academy students—rooted for them during the game, and afterwards gave them a yell.

"KATCHEM"		"ZU ZUS"
Buffaloe	Center, (Captain.)	Watkins
Sanford	Right Center	Giles
Crocker	Left Center	Nicholson
Norwood	Goal Keeper	Earnhardt
Jordan	Right Field	Herring
Moore	Left Field	Taylor
Westbrook	Goal Guard	Swindell
Holt	Right Guard	Morris
McClenny	Left Guard	Mitchell

Referee, Miss Vela Walker; Umpire, Miss Bernice Hornaday; Linesmen, Misses Ola Stephenson, Vivia May, Elizabeth Harris and Mary Ferguson.

The Seniors are contemplating organizing a basket-ball team of their own soon. Several of them already have the reputation of being good players and their team will no doubt be a match for any of the others.

Get busy, Juniors, Sophs and Freshmen!

Juniors! Juniors! Juniors!

(With sincerest apologies to Mr. Tennyson.)

Juniors! Juniors! Juniors!
On Thanksgiving day, O me!
How all hearts yearn at that one time,
To be along with thee.

Ah! well for your sister class—
The Freshmen, young and gay,
Ah! well for the poor old Sophs,
For next they'll have their day.

And the stately Senior moves on
In her high and dignified ways,
But O! the memories down in their hearts
Of their happy Junior days.

Juniors! Juniors! Juniors!
Happy may this year be
For the pleasures which you are now enjoying,
Will never return to thee.

—L. L.

The Chatterbox.

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All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

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EDITH SIMMONS, ... Abroad.

PAULINE HERRING, '08, . . Among Us.

HELEN EARNHARDT, '08, . . Exchange.

BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

Editorial.

The November number of THE CHATTERBOX has been unavoidably delayed in going to press, but we hope our readers will be patient, expecting as we hope to give, the very best results. The Staff has labored under many difficulties, not least among which has been a somewhat half hearted interest on the part of the student body. But we hope to make the magazine so good and each succeeding number so much better than the preceding, that every one, seeing, shall be convinced that it is something worth while. "Assume a virtue if you have it not," said one of the wisest minds of all time. Get interested in your College magazine, girls—take pride in seeing that it is the very best you can make it; it can mean much to you, if you will let it.

This issue of THE CHATTERBOX is given up entirely to the Class of '09. It is undoubtedly a fine Junior class—perhaps their class song says with quite pardonable pride:

"Then admit we are the finest in the country"—and we think their class number of the journal does them credit. The Sophomore and Freshman number will follow later—let the see that they are not outdone in the race. Let each class take the heartiest interst in the number of THE CHATTERBOX that is peculiarly its own and we feel sure that the enterprise will prove helpful to both magazine and class.

Y. W. C. A.

MOLLIE M. STEPHENSON, 09.

Our Association is still growing. We now have on roll nearly two hundred members—a much larger enrollment than ever before; it is not only growing in size, but exercising our motto: "Not by power nor by might but my spirit saith the Lord," it is growing in spiritual power.

On the first Sunday evening of November, being the first Missionary service of this scholastic year, there was a very impressive memorial service in memory of Mrs. Lillian Bridges Stewart, led by Miss Clara Hearne, Chairman of the Missionary Committee.

A very profitable business meeting of the Cabinet was held the first Monday evening.

As the second Sunday was the beginning of the "World's Week of Prayer," the service was led by our beloved President, Miss Lottie Lee, who never fails to have an interesting and instructive program. Different members of the Cabinet led the services during the week.

The regular monthly Temperance meeting was held on the third Sunday. Mrs. Ransom, one of our town friends and alumnæ, added greatly to the program by giving to us a very interesting and inspiring reading.

A few days ago the Social Committee of our Association entertained the Industrial girls in the College parlor and reception hall. Amusing games, contests and music were some of the sources of enjoyment. In the flower wedding contest Misses Clyde Matthews and Nellie Porter won the prizes.

The Association is proud of its Social Committee. Its merit is not doubted, and this is equally true of other com-

mittees, those who are doing the work of the Industrial when they are ill or for any reason not able to perform their duties.

Thanksgiving is rapidly drawing near—the time for the Association Convention to convene at Rock Hill, South Carolina. Mrs. Rhodes, Miss Nutt, a member of our College faculty, Ruth Lanham and Edith Simmons will represent our Association, and we know it will be greatly helped by such a capable representation.

The Association was addressed last Sunday by Mr. R. E. Pittman, who was the guest of his daughter, Miss Virginia Dare. He greatly stressed the importance of taking advantage of the great opportunities of preparing ourselves for Christian workers while in college.

Exchange Department.

HELEN EARNHARDT, Editor.

We view our exchange table with disappointment this month, for there are only four exchanges there; yet these magazines are on the whole very creditable. *The Acorn* for October is a good number and contains much interesting matter. The essay "Through Three Gates with Henry Henry Van Dyke," brings out in an interesting way the three-fold merit of Van Dyke's work. The fiction in this number is also good—there is something in it besides sentimentality. Perhaps the only adverse criticism we would venture against this issue is that there is not enough matter in the editorial; of course there is no fixed rule for this, yet it seems to us that the editorial should have more in it than this issue has.

The College Message is before us. We would like to see more space given to literary subjects than this number has. Of course all of us like to have good poetry in our magazines, but not so much as to take the poetry of people not connected with our school. The college magazine is a magazine made up of the contributions of the pupils—and why not have that carried out in every department? We read with interest the account given of the banquet in honor of Mrs. Robertson; we feel proud of the fact that North Carolina has within its borders such a woman as Mrs. Robertson.

We are glad to welcome *The Red and White*. The articles are well written, and if there were a little more solid matter, we would find no fault with this issue. The editorials are especially well written.

The Trinity Archive is one of the best magazines received by the table. All of its departments are well filled, and show careful study. The article on John Charles McNeill brings out his ability as a writer and a journalist, and should be appreciated as a loving tribute to him. We would like to see more and better fiction in this magazine.

Abroad.

EDITH B. SIMMONS, '09.

Glacier Becoming Extinct.

Muir Glacier, the most picturesque and wonderful glacier of Alaska, about nine years ago, was visited by an earthquake which left Glacier Bay so full of ice that the inlet was closed. Early in the summer an excursion steamer left San Francisco for a cruise of Alaskan waters. It has returned and reports that the ice is rapidly melting now as a result of the earthquake. The glacier seems doomed to speedy extinction.

Peace Conference at The Hague.

The second Peace Conference at The Hague has ended without accomplishing such definite results as had been hoped. It toiled for a hundred and twenty days and succeeded in framing thirteen conventions which were deemed substantial additions to the law of nations. Until June 30, 1908, will be given the powers to sign these agreements.

Telegraph Across the Atlantic.

The seventeenth of October, 1907, was a date made memorable by the installation of commercial telegraphy across the Atlantic. Messages had been sent across the ocean long before, but it was not until the present month that the system was thought safe to depend upon for business work. The rates are low—general business messages being taken at ten cents a word and press message at five cents. The first day over ten thousand words were handled and according to Mr. Marconi, not a single word had to be repeated. This new service, besides the great help to commerce it may prove to be, will keep us in touch with other countries and will help to hold the peoples of earth together.

A New Use for Skates. It has been agreed by a number of clerks in the Post Office Department of Washington City that they shall go to and from their work on roller-skates. Washington has advantages for this form of popular movement afforded by no other city. Its streets are wide and smooth, not impeded by trucks, and its asphalt pavements afford hundreds of miles of skating rink. Motor skates have been successfully used in Europe and why not in America?

Concerning the Automobile It appears that in three months from June 21 to September 21, of this year, forty-one persons in Massachusetts were killed and 313 injured in automobile accidents. If these figures represent the normal volume of accidents in Massachusetts there must be over 160 deaths in that State annually. If similar conditions prevailed in the rest of the country there would be something like 4,500 deaths and 35,000 injuries in the United States in twelve months. Complete information would be likely to show that automobiles and trolley cars duplicate the awful record of killings and wounding established by the railroads.

A Unique Undertaking Captain Ronald Amundsen, explorer of the Northwest Passage, is the latest aspirant for the honor of discovering the North Pole. His motto is "Back to Nature" and his scheme, a very interesting one. He proposes to employ polar bears, training them as cubs, so that by the time they grow up they ought to be as docile as horses. A trip to the North will be a mere pleasure jaunt for them, the colder the weather is the better they will like it, and they can live on seal flesh. Let us hope that Captain Amundsen will succeed in his undertaking.

Philippine Independence

On October the fifteenth, Secretary Taft opened the first Philippine Assembly. On this day self-government in our Asiatic Colony became national. This is an experiment never tried before with an Asiatic people. The natives heretofore have had no say-so in governmental affairs.

Washington City's New Depot.

The Union Station at Washington was formally opened on October the twenty-seventh, by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, whose first train entered the building at 6:56 in the morning. The roads now using the old Pennsylvania station will transfer their passenger business to the new terminal on November the seventeenth. Although the new station is still not entirely finished, it is promised that the whole structure will be completed before New Year. With this change, Washington heads the list of the world's great capitals in the dignity of her treatment of arriving and departing guests.

Among Us.

PAULINE HERRING, 08.

—Mrs. Rhodes, our President's wife, has just returned from Oxford, N. C., where she visited her father for several days.

—Miss Hayden, teacher of Science, recently spent a few days with her mother, at Raleigh, N. C.

—Rev. C. C. Brothers, of Elm City N. C., made a visit to his daughter, Miss Mamis, some time ago.

—Misses Mattie Powell and Hope Thompson spent Saturday and Sunday with their parents at Macon, N. C.

—Misses Mary Spivey and Powell, of Seaboard, N. C., were guests of the College recently.

—Mr. R. E. Pittman, of Grifton, N. C., spent a few days at the College with his daughter, Miss Dare.

—One of the most delightful events of the College this year was a reception given to the members of the Senior Class by the Faculty. The hall was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and red chrysanthemums, thus carrying out the Senior Class colors—gold and crimson. After being examined on quotations from Shakespeare and the Bible, there were three ties for the prize, viz: Misses Bernice Hornaday, Edith Simmons and Pauline Herring. Miss Hornaday drew the lucky straw and won the prize, which was a beautiful silver book mark. A bottle of "ketchup" was awarded to Miss Mary Mayo, to be used when she feels hazy, about quotations from Shakespeare and the Bible. After a four course supper and several amusing games, the reception came to an end. The Seniors thoroughly enjoyed the whole affair, and voted the Faculty very charming entertainers.

—Miss Mollie Railey, of Margaretsville, N. C., recently visited her sister, Miss Julia.

—Miss Alice Green who has been traveling in the interests of the Alumnæ Association, returned to the College a few weeks ago.

—Mr. W. M. York, of Williamston, N. C., was here last week to se his daughter, Miss Nolie, who was ill for a few days.

—Thanksgiving has just passed, and now we are looking forward to Christmas with glad hearts.

—On the night of November the twenty-seventh, there was a recital given in the Auditorium to a large audience. The program was well rendered and enjoyed by all.

—Miss Emma Thornton spent Thanksgiving at her home in Macon, N. C.

—Mr. J. J. Stephenson, of Garysburg, N. C. spent Thanksgiving with his daughter, Miss Mollie.

—Mrs. F. S. Barnes, of Wedgefield, S. C., visited her sister, Miss Ruth Dixon, Thanksgiving.

—Miss Jennie Ferguson, of Latta, N. C., spent Thanksgiving with her sisters, Misses Florrie and Mary.

Other visitors here on Thanksgiving were: Misses Annie Shotwell, Oxford, N. C.; Pearl Murrell, Branchville, Va.; Messrs. P. G. Smith and F. S. Harris, of Branchville, Va., and Master Ralph Aiken, Oxford, N. C.

—Miss Lanham, teacher of English, spent a day or two recently with Miss Virginia Hale, Halifax, N. C.

Have You Heard the Latest?

BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

New Girl to Old Girl: "What are all these bells ringing for?"

Old Girl: "They are period bells."

New Girl: "What in the world do they do for commas?"

* * *

Miss Rone to pupil on Physiology: "What people are most subject to appendicitis?"

Pupil: "Those who are able to pay for an operation."

* * *

A wise Sophomore was asked what politics meant. She hesitated, then answered: "I don't know, but I imagine they are something you put in the parlor."

* * *

Teacher: "Who was St. Paul?"

Pupil: "He was an *epistle.*"

* * *

We had failed to appreciate the beauty and depth of "Old Mother Hubbard" until a Freshman, in figurative language, speaks of her as "Ancient Maternal Kimono."

* * *

Miss Lanham: "Give the principal parts of sit."

Pupil (triumphantly): "Sit, sat, sitten."

* * *

Inquisitive Prep.: "Oh, yonder is the new Science teacher, and I wonder what her name is?"

Junior: "Miss Hayden is her name."

Inquisitive Prep.: "I *do* wonder where she is from."

Bored Junior: "Don't bother me, I don't know nor care, from Hades, I suppose." (and the Prep. seemed to be satisfied.)

Little bits of tangles,
One immense big rat,
Make our lovely pompadour
Stick out simply pat.

Little bits of hair,
Left from the pompadour,
With the extra added switch
Makes it look like more.

* * *

When Miss Ross was told that one of the banks in Norfolk had "busted" she said, with real sadness in her tone: "Well, I do wonder if the flying timbers hurt anybody."

* * *

First Junior: "What did she give on that test?"

Second Junior: "Nothing, but some idiotic expressions." (meaning idiomatic.)

* * *

Catherine Allmond, having received a present from her guardian in the shape of a bracelet, was asked what kind of stones it was set with. "I don't know," she replied, "but I think they are reputation diamonds."

* * *

Mrs. Rhodes, in chapel: "Please sing hymn number four."

An enthusiastic pupil in Trig.: "Mary, let's hurry and look up the logarithm of that number." (Wonder if she ever found it.)

* * *

Miss E. Taylor tells us in an original sentence that "The Bunker Hill monument stands—where it was placed." We were edified to learn that it had not moved.

* * *

Last Monday a Senior arose quite soon,
Looked in the East and spied the new moon!

Miss Hayden: "Explain why that proposition is true."

Miss Swindell: "Well, the external internal angles of those transversal lines are parallel, and so it is true."

* * *

Miss Pulliam: "What great bequest was left to us by the people of the Pre-Historic Age?"

Wise Soph.: "They didn't have anything to leave."

* * *

Three Juniors, (returning from a midnight feast), to a sleepy Soph.: "My dear, do you know the notice bell has rung?"

Soph., still sleeping; getting up from one side of the bed and walking around to the other; and while putting on her slippers, muttering angrily: "I don't see why you can't let me sleep till the breakfast bell."

* * *

Teacher: "What is the form of government of the United States?"

Answer: "Raleigh."

* * *

English Teacher: "Why did Burns write part of his poems in English and part in Scotch dialect?"

Miss Satterwaite: "Because he was just learning English." (Quite original.)

* * *

Gertrude Stanfield, a bright Senior, while walking down the street was told that there was a family of Albinos in the town, and when she returned home she asked her parents if they had met Mr. and Mrs. Albino.

* * *

Miss J.: "Nolie got a whole lot of cakes in boxes from the National Cloak Co."

Teacher: "What is the Stamp Act?"

Pupil, (with quite a wise look): "Why, it was the law allowing all letters to be mailed for two cents."

* * *

A little girl on the Campus: "Some day I'se comin' to school up here wid the college girls."

Catherine: "Are you going to graduate up here?"

Little Girl, (indignantly): "Why, no, I'se going to walk up here."

* * *

Miss Hayden: "What is a polygon called that has seven sides?"

Pauline: "A septagon."

* * *

Miss Holt, (at two o'clock a. m.): "Oh, I know something you don't."

Miss Maynard: "What?"

Miss H.: "We have a new smoke-stack for the power house."

Miss M.: "That's nothing, I know something, too, we have got a new hash-pot."

* * *

In the sand hill the taters grow,
Down L. F. C. table the lasses flow.

* * *

Miss Earnhardt: "Clee, what does 'Dux femina facta' mean?"

Clee, an August Senior, (condescendingly): "Why, crazy, that means 'Leading woman of the faculty.'"

* * *

Gertrude would be very glad if someone would be so kind as to explain the difference between an artichoke and a flower bulb.

* * *

Three of a kind—Earnhardt, Hornaday and Ross.

Wanted!

Wanted: To know how often Miss Best gets a "White" letter.

Wanted: Miss Lanham to stop visiting in Halifax.—(M. M. and B. H.)

Wanted: To know why Mollie Mitchell likes Alberta Aiken.

Wanted: A "Thorne" to go with my rose.—(Judy.)

Wanted: To hear the C. A. boys sing again.

Wanted: "Sense enough to write my English papers.—(Clara Hearne.)

Wanted: To know why Prof. Stahl likes to take *dares* so well.

Wanted: To congratulate the A. and M. boys for defeating the University of Virginia.—(Tar Heels.)

Wanted: To know why the "Zu Zus" want to change basket men.

Wanted: Some one to love me.—(Mabel West.)

Wanted: Miss Stanfield to sit at Mr. Rhodes's table.

Wanted: Nothing but the "Best."—(Lucie Ross.)

Wanted: To know why Miss Lanham gives the Sophs. such a difficult paper on "How to play tunes."

Wanted: To know if Miss Leigh is ready to call the mail,

Wanted: A course in electricity.—(Physics class.)

Wanted: A copy of the Senior's reply to the Junior's toast.

Wanted: To know how and why Carson got in Phrynia's wardrobe.

Wanted: To know what has become of the D. Club and deportment grades. Evidently they have eloped.

Wanted: My mail to get here on time.—(F. Steele.)

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Class 1908

Annie Crews ..... President
Ghertrude Stanfield ..... Vice-President
Mabel West ..... Secretary
Winnie Evans ..... Treasurer
Clara Hearne ..... Poet-Historian

Class 1909

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Sallie Jordan ..... Secretary
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Ruth Lanham ..... Poet

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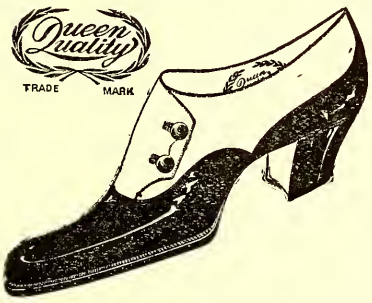

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